Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, July 18, 1918 Number 20

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Sing unto the Lord a new song;
For He hath done marvelous things:

* * *

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.
Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp;
With the harp and the voice of melody.
With trumpets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord.

Psalm XCVIII.

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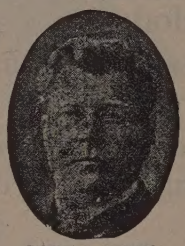

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1918 Number 20

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
That passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

From "Abt Vogler." —*Robert Browning.*

Life and Labor for June has discovered a woman worker who at the big council table discussing labor problems, remained silent. But when called upon to speak as the only one left with an unexpressed opinion she rose and said, "I ain't no talker. I'm a Christian," and sat down.

The *Biblical World* for June thinks "We can love our enemies but we cannot like them." Very well. A distinction that commends the astuteness of a theologian. Let us work out on that line. Perhaps if we learn to *love* one another according to the Jesus command and if we may slowly realize that all men are brothers, according to the "Christian" claim, we may find something that is even *likable* in our enemies. Anyhow it is a narrow soul that can like only those he likes. Even the "heathen" and the "Huns" can do that, but it takes a great soul to like those he does not like, to find the harmonies beneath the differences, the kinship behind the antagonisms, the unities mid even the diversities of war.

A. W. Littlefield in the *Boston Herald* calls timely attention to Kant's six propositions, which we are glad to reproduce with his comment:

1. Mankind is adapted to live in all parts of the earth.
2. Wars have distributed him over the earth.
3. He must then wage wars of mutual extermination, or agree to live by rules of right.
4. All governments must be republican in form.
5. There must be federation of free states.
6. Universal hospitality must obtain between the people of different nations.

E Pluribus Unum is as good a motto for world federation as it is for the states of the federal Union—the United States of America. And why not an international flag—a white ground, emblazoned with golden stars, one star for each nation in the world-federation? May the flag of the golden stars be as much to the peoples of the world as is our stars and stripes to the American people!

David Starr Jordan, the noble product of a notable ancestry, as will be seen from the study in another column of this issue of Unity, is still a prophet of peace and will continue to be a light in the darkness of passion and hatred when his belligerent characteristics, if he has any, will have been forgotten, and their candlelight patriotism will be lost sight of in the great loyalties illumined by celestial light. The true American is perforce the true cosmopolitan. All lovers of truth and followers of righteousness are patriots to the manner born. He who is an honored citizen of the world is of course an indispensable citizen of the land that bore him. The true warrior in the army of progress is a great soldier in the army of the nation he honors.

The *Open Court* for June has a delightful study in Comparative Animal and Human Psychology based upon certain observations with pet sparrows. The illustrations are more illuminating that the text. Now is a good time to get acquainted with our humbler relations, and to the inveterate bookworm it is a good time to get acquainted with the books of Fabre, the prophet of the insect world. The Editor of Unity, beyond the sound of city cars and the call of street peddlers, has interesting parochial relations with a family of robins which is raising a husky brood of children within ten feet of his rocking chair and the interest between the neighbors is mutual. The robins have adopted the Editor but are not quite sure of his associates.

How ignorant we are of the Moslem world though we have read of it much and our library shelves are burdened with many books concerning Islam. We read in the *Biblical World* for June that the Moslems now consist of more than "two hundred millions of consistent, uncompromising, devout, religious, aggressive believers and that every Mohammedan is a missionary." But a hundred and sixty-six of these two hundred millions are living today under "Christian" governments. Ninety millions of them are subjects of the British Empire. This leaves but forty millions of them living under the domination of Mohammedan rule, most of these in the more obscure and less efficient territory of Africa and Malaysia. Surely the dreaded "unity of Islam" and the far flung advertised "menace" of Mohammedanism must be largely fiction. But there are some Christians who cannot sleep well at nights because of the "menace" of the Roman Catholic Church. And then we know some Free Thinkers who are exercised over the "menace" of Christianity. Don't be scared, brethren. Human nature is pretty much the same the round world over and even these big words when used as labels are only libels pasted on the outside.

Contemporary Verse, the all-poetry magazine published in Philadelphia, makes a "Patriots Number" of its July issue. It contains twenty-four poems all written either for or by those in active service. Three of the contributors are women. One of them is Ruth Lambert Jones. Thus she sings of the "Wounded":

Across the shell-scarred waste it comes,
Above the cries of pain—
Louder than sound of throbbing drums,
Softer than falling rain.

It comes—the sound of gallant tread,
Of proud hearts beating true;
The mighty, the immortal dead
Are passing in review!

Regiment on regiment marching, marching by,
Regiment on regiment of men who lived to die,
And dying, live forever! They vanish in the sky,
Leaving me behind them. Comrades, why?

The War Department displayed commendable insight in recognizing the higher heroism by publishing the names of sixty or more husky men, in sound health, who deliberately submitted themselves to the contagion of the trench fever that visits upon its victims great pain, prolonged weakness and oftentimes death. Their courage was not born out of the maddened enthusiasm of the charge. It was not sustained by the spectacular waving of flags or the exciting boom of cannon or the rattle of musketry, but by submitting themselves to the vulgar bite of the loathsome louse which they proved to be the source of the pestilence. Thus assured the men of science are busy in discovering the antidote for the bacteria so small that they are beyond the reach of the most powerful microscope known to science. How suggestive is this of the new warfare to be won by the hgher heroes of peace. The louse is forever the pest of the soldier. It is a filth product. Cleanliness is oftentimes beyond the reach of the most skilful discipline in war. There is a psychological as well as a philological connection between sanity, sanitary and sanitation.

A Unitarian minister from London writes us:

May I say how much I am in sympathy with your work and your attitude. I read your paper when I can get it with eagerness. It is a help to find that there are those in the United States who are in accord with my own ideals. It encourages and inspires. My own church is holding on amid difficulties. All my young men have joined the forces, some have been killed and now the older ones are to be called out. Still our women are working splendidly to uphold our beautiful faith and from what I can observe it is a faith that will appeal with renewed power in the future, for men who have suffered together in the army have had to put aside narrow distinctions of creed, sect, color, race, and have realized a larger brotherhood of soul. Some of my own youths fill me with pride by the way, even in the trenches, they have carried out their faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. But of this I may write you at some future time. May God give you strength to labor for a fair future in a more peaceful world in His good time.

Another writer from Vermont says:

I want to express my deep appreciation of UNITY and tell you the comfort it is in these tragic days when it seems that what we have called Christianity has failed and the Church has ceased to preach the law of love and brotherhood. My husband, who is a minister, the pastor of one church for twelve years, has been adrift for a year because faithful to his conception of religion. We have been persecuted, abused, lied about and threatened. Our son was drafted and taken to camp two weeks ago under guard, he being a conscientious objector and non-resistant as we are. He had his grilling and was discharged and returned to his young wife and his work in Cambridge. He is much shaken by the experience. He is a clean young fellow with a splendid position. We have to pay a big price in these days for being true to the inner vision. It is easy to go with the crowd, a rough road otherwise but we would not choose otherwise. Every number of UNITY comes with a message of comfort and strength to many, very many.

From the farthest Northwest, the State of Washington:

Enclosed find my subscription. I cannot afford to lose a copy of it at present. It is a continual inspiration and refreshment to me in these war weary days of pain and perplexity. When there are ten thousand voices clamoring to "carry on" the program of force and ferocity it is surely good for one's soul to listen to one calm Christian voice calling back to reason and righteousness. It is my constant prayer that soon the Christ-voice will prevail and the terrible conflict be ended. With kind regards to all the earnest workers.

In these days the "Conscientious Objector" is meeting his fate. The very title eliminates the coward, the "slacker" who shrinks from his share of the responsibility, the sneak who would profit by another's efforts without contributing his own part, the traitor, whose soul in the absence of great ideals is unmoved by great world issues and is irresponsive to high calls. None of these, under any legitimate interpretation of language, can come under the list of "*conscientious* objectors." "Conscience," says Channing, "is God's

most previous gift to man." "Two things," says Kant, "command my reverence; the starry heavens above and the sense of ought within." Whatever conscience is, it is the rarest asset of a country as it is the highest faculty in man. Weak indeed is the government that fears to deal reverently with the conscience of its citizens. Blind is the statesmanship that takes no note of minorities. History has an honorable place for "objectors." "Protestants" are the banner bearers of progress. We recognize the perplexities of the government, we know that martial law in the nature of things is a suspension of civic law, and war necessitates the violence that outreaches the sanctities of the home and of the individual. But it becomes a democracy, even in times of war, to be respectful to conscience. John Brown in prison terrorized the friends of slavery in a way that John Brown on the scaffold did not alleviate. There is a gospel that cannot be locked in. George Fox from behind the bars converted his jailors. The highest heroism the condemned for conscience sake can exercise is to humbly submit and bide their time. They can prove their reverence for law by cheerfully accepting its mandates. A correspondent writes:

If a democracy cannot overcome its taste for simplicity and uniformity, with its consequent hatred of the complex and the pronounced variation, the contrast between democracy and any other "ocracy" cannot be so great, so important and so favorable to democracy as is claimed and as many of us desire. I want to see respect for Allinson; respect for the man in the minority, any sort of minority—the atheist, anarchist, pacifist. How can a pacifist compromise and take any part in the war when pacifism is not even respected?

. . . . . .

Personally, I have hundreds of desires and reasons and impulses which might lead me to compromise. But if Allinson's minority is too small to command respect, why not increase it by one? We have a case that may be compromised, but not forgotten. I am something of an opportunist and I try not to make a fuss about things that do not matter. But if a man has no right to refuse to kill, then those rights must first be established (or, as the Irish would say, fought for!) and then it may be possible to compromise, to set aside that right in certain cases. But not yet.

Testimony from the Front

Attacks upon pacifists still continue. No insult is too base, no recrimination too slanderous, to visit upon these modern heretics. One wonders at the virulence and constancy of this campaign of abuse, in view of the reiterated assurances that the pacfists are few in number and insignificant in character! Why should so much ammunition be expended upon so mean a target? Is not one tempted to suspect, as one sees our newspapers laden day after day with assaults upon pacifists, and our public "leaders" never making a speech in which they are not held up to scorn and contempt, that these peace-idealists are, as a matter of fact, more numerous and more influential than one is commonly led to suppose? Either thus, or else these newspapers and orators, like the murderer who seeks again the body of his victim, cannot keep away from those whose principles they know at heart to be ethically and spiritually impregnable!

However this may be, it is interesting at least to note that there is no such abuse of pacifists in the trenches as is now raging three thousand miles behind the trenches. Just as one must seek hatred against the enemy in the hearts not of soldiers at the front but of civilians at the rear, so one must seek this "paci-phobia," if we may call it such, in those who are fighting not in No-Man's Land but in the sure security of pulpits and editorial sanctums. Again and again have we had witness of the ability of the man who takes up arms from a high sense of duty, to understand the man who, from an equally high sense of duty, refuses to take up arms. Both are men of honor, and therefore kin in spirit if not in opinion.

The latest evidence of this kind is found in a book entitled "Nothing of Importance," by Bernard Adams. The author was a university man who enlisted early in the war, was wounded after eight months' service, wrote his book during his convalescence, and returned to the front only to be killed while leading his men "over the top." In his last chapter, Lieut. Adams writes as follows of certain deeper problems:

"It is hard to trace ultimate causes. It is hard to fix absolute responsibility. There were many seeds sown, scattered, and secretly fostered before these produced this harvest of war. The seeds of cruelty, selfishness, ambition, avarice, and indifference, are always liable to swell, grow and bud, and blossom suddenly into the red flower of war. . . . These are the seeds of war. And it is because they know that we, too, are not free from them, that certain men have stood out from the arena as a protest against war. These men are real heroes, who for their conscience's sake are enduring taunts, ignominy, misunderstanding and worse. Most men and women in arena are cursing them, and, as they struggle in agony and anguish, they beat their hands at them and cry, 'You do not care.' I too have cursed them when I was mad with pain. But I knew them, and I know that they are true men. I would not have one less. They are witnesses against war. And I, too, am fighting war. Men do not understand them now, but one day they will."

The World Tomorrow has well commented on this passage, as follows: "It is with this sort of thinking on the part of men who have risked their lives for their vision of a world brotherhood that our statesmen and, still more, our theologians must reckon in the coming days."

J. H. H.

The golf links lie so near the mill,
That almost every day
The laboring children can look out
And see the men at play.

—*Sarah N. Cleghorn.*

If more people would stop making the little things big and the big things little, ther'd be a whole heap more happiness lying around in this old world.

—*Eleanor H. Porter.*

The Road to Understanding.

The Case of David Starr Jordan

The newspapers of the country, that represent the many people who believe in the "one-more-war" as the only and successful step toward permanent peace, are making much of the fact that David Starr Jordan is speaking in the interest of the Red Cross and that he has said something about "hurrying through this war," or words to that effect. Publicity is also given to the fact that the alleged Resolutions of the Cornell Class of 1873 were brought forward at midnight at a banquet and after several had left for home; that these resolutions were taken as a joke and no one voted against them; that they never were presented to the trustees and officers and only to the press, for which a certain Van Auken of Utica was alone responsible. Nine former graduates and members of the Stanford faculty have also taken that post-prandial patriotism very seriously and have addressed a "Memorandum" to the president and trustees of Cornell University trying to *vindicate* the character of David Starr Jordan and *prove* his *loyalty* from recent utterances. On account of these "vindications" they urge the president and trustees of Cornell to do something that will neutralize the damaging insinuations against him by the "Class of '73."

We do not know what startling things Dr. Jordan may have said in his speech at Seattle or elsewhere that in some quarters so promptly changed his reputation from that of a dangerous "Pacifist" to a harmless Pro-War Patriot.

We needed no "Associated Press dispatches" to be assured that Dr. Jordan's heart is still tender, that he feels for the suffering, that he is in sympathy with all those agencies that will ameliorate the woes of camp, trench and hospital.

We do not need to consult his California neighbors before believing that he is still as always a believer in law, an advocate of government and devoted to democracy through the agencies of democracy as expressed in representative governments everywhere.

It is an attempt to balance the pyramid on its apex, to base the large foundations of this scholar and educator of international fame on some recent utterances seized upon by the daily press. Literature and the permanent history of the age-long movement away from the brutalities of war to the rationalities of peace may not give permanent place to these "utterances" of Dr. Jordan, however compelling they may be, but the libraries of the learned will have a place for his book on "The Blood of Nations." This and others works of will occupy an important place on the peace shelves in the libaries of all countries. The future students of history must reckon with the testimony of this biologist who with great learning has shown that the direst consequences of war are to be found not in the sufferings created, the homes devastated, the mangled limbs of men and the broken hearts of women, gruesome as these are, but in the impoverishment of coming generations, in the slaughter of the unborn, in shutting the gates of destiny against the children of the most fit, leaving the blackened fields of the war-weakened nations to be tilled by the less competent hands, the children of the unfit left-overs. The coming generations of the warring generations will be the children of the mangled, the defective and imperfect of those who for one cause or another were incompetent to face the winnowing dangers of the battle field.

Charles Sumner was not found wanting when the test of war came. He was the confidential friend, adviser and supporter of Abraham Lincoln, but nothing he said or did during the war has the vitality of his great address on "The True Grandeur of Nations," delivered in 1846, which stands a deathless classic in literature and a lasting contribution to statemanship and international comity. Hugo Grotius, Erasmus, Immanuel Kant, William Ellery Channing and Victor Hugo made many important contributions to philosophy, religion and morals; they were active servants of their day and generation, but their permanent place in history, their highest contributions to the ages, the utterances that made them citizens of the world, lifted them above national lines and prides and made of them prophets of internationalism, were their utterances in the interest of peace, their unanswerable arguments against war. In this list Dr. Jordan, the man who began his pedagogical career as a student of frogs and snakes and climbed by the power of brain and heart to be an interpreter of morals, a prophet of love, belongs.

Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth, when hectored by some busy-body of a politician, is reported as having uttered a cryptic saying about the "things of Cæsar" as distinguished from the "things of God." There is another slender story about his driving the hucksters with their bullocks, lambs and doves out of the Temple yard. These two incidents are now apparently serving as the comforting proof texts, the pivotal inspirations of would be "Christian pulpits," doubtless giving equal satisfaction to the pulpiteers of Germany as of England and America. But these ambiguous texts have not been the wings that have carried the Gospel of Jesus triumphantly through the centuries, and when the military necessities are passed, the martial inspirations are neglected or forgotten, the Beatitudes and the Golden Rule, the love texts: "In my Father's house are many mansions," "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," will continue to shine with the steady, undimmed radiance of the stars.

THE PULPIT

A Season with the Tone Masters

We print below the first of a series of six sermons which were delivered by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the pulpit of All Souls Church last April and May. The immediate inspiration for the series was the dedication of the new, beautiful Lamson Brothers Memorial Organ recently installed at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. But the larger and permanent inspiration was the conviction that the great Tone Masters, the prophets of harmony, were also the prophets of universal religion. These great composers have led the devotions of the modern world. These sermons will be printed weekly in UNITY, so far as conditions permit, during the midsummer interlude of so many of the pulpits of the land, hoping that the life stories of these great artists will afford Sunday reading and touch the lives of our readers with a new sense of beauty, that their hearts may be enriched.

The following will be the order of the topics. Special subscriptions for the course should be sent in early in order to be sure of securing the entire number.

I. The Organ, Its Story and Message.
II. Johann Sebastian Bach, 1685-1750.
III. George Frederick Handel, 1685-1759.
IV. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, 1756-1791.
V. Ludwig van Beethoven, 1770-1827.
VI. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.

The Organ: Its Story and Message

Infinite source of harmony and beauty, breathe Thy spirit upon us this morning. Father, lead us away from discord and strife, draw us to that which is above hatred, narrowness and selfishness into the realm of things eternal, into the presence of loyalties supernal, into that kingdom of love that abides, that realm of thought in which is found calm and rest.

We pray, Father, that we may lend ourselves to the ministrations of harmony, the interpretations of the melodies, by those whose speech breaks into song and whose lives bloom into hymns. We thank thee for the beauty-makers, we thank thee for the interpreters of the unseen. When sight fails thou dost visit the inner chambers of our ears; we hear the melody we cannot express, the harmonies we cannot live. We thank thee, Father, for the life that is not yet ours. We thank thee for the peace we have not yet attained, for in these we feel the lure of thy spirit. Thou art the God and Father of us all. Amen!

Oliver Wendell Holmes was one of the early devotees of the camera. He was himself a notable amateur photographer. In one of his earliest essays on the lens he said that if the planet Mars was to swing close enough to this earth so that a citizen thereon might cry as he passed "Show me the most marvelous thing yet achieved by the inhabitants of the earth," he would promptly hand him a stereopticon, for that would show not only how man had succeeded in reflecting on paper the flat surface of his vision, but to a degree the perspective. By this contrivance one is enabled to see around an object. I am quite sure that if the good poet had lived to this day he would feel that the camera in all its achievements has been outdone in many other directions. Some of you have heard me say, that if some such inquiry should come to me today for the most successful triumph of human skill, the blending of science, art, mechanics and efficiency, I would point to a modern battleship. Ghastly as the symbol is, it does seem as though in the battleship are assembled about the highest things achieved in laboratory and in shop. Whatever the constructive sciences have to offer are focalized in this complex instrument of death and destruction.

But I now beg to revise my judgment and gladly take a better symbol of man's highest achievements on earth. This object assembles not only the delicate achievements of the laboratory, the mystic forces of the electric battery and the as yet romantic responsiveness of compressed air, but the makers have somehow been able to bring the cold things of nature, the hard, solid, material facts of the outer world into conjunction with the ideals of the human soul. These builders have inter-related and inter-blended things and spirit in this organ which it is our purpose to dedicate this morning.

Where is the John Fiske who will tell us, uninitiated students of science, the evolution of the organ? Where is there a Walt Whitman who will sing to our dulled ears the song of the organ? Who will release us from the complacency of the ignorance which permits us to stand in the presence of this marvelous achievement unmoved, with heads uncovered? Who will release us from the stolidity of the uninformed, and enable us to understand what is hidden behind those spindles up there in the unvisited organ loft?

My only hope is that I may increase a little bit the intelligence of our ignorance, that I may lift from us a little bit of the stolidity, the stupidity that rests upon us all.

In the presence of this mystic melody factory I want to pave the way for some further release by giving a few of the startling facts centered in and around that keyboard.

George Eliot made great poetry out of the "Legend of Jubal," found in the Genesis story. Jubal, according to the English version, was "The father of such as handle the harp and organ." But we can only guess at the meaning of the Hebrew words thus translated. The German translaters call them the fathers of the *fiddlers* and *pipers*. But one thing is quite sure, and that is that one of the oldest of musical instruments is the pipe. Pan among his reeds is as solidly enthroned in science as in mythology. He belonged to the primitive man who stretched rawhide over a rude vessel when he wanted to make a loud noise, but when he would awaken sweet tones as he lay around the bivouac fire he would blow into the reeds gathered from the waterside. The instrument which we dedicate this morning is but a complication and multiplication of the reeds into which a mightier modern Pan blows. Perhaps no one has improved the quality of the tones blown from the pipe that grew in the marshes of Greece, but they have been multiplied, co-ordinated, increased and arranged so that they now lend themselves to the most complicated harmonies that spring out of the cultivated human mind and heart.

The first problem of the organ-maker was how to produce and regulate the wind to fill his pipes. Ctesibius, the son of an Alexandrian barber, 250 B. C., is credited with having discovered the means of blowing pipes by water-power and he consecrated this ingenious mechanism to the Temple of Venus. Archimedes, his great contemporary, is credited with having improved this hydraulos. But the story is broken. The destructive hand of war, always a scourge to all the arts, seems to have destroyed the line of continuity and the modern organ had to begin again.

The Emperor Julian is counted as one of the earlier patrons of the organ. Loving music, foreseeing its power, he said:

> I see reeds of another species, the growth of another and brazen soil; such as are not agitated by our winds, but by a blast that rushes from a leathern cavern beneath their roots;

while a robust mortal, running with swift fingers over the concordant rulers of the pipes makes them, as they smoothly dance, emit melodious sounds.

These classic words of the studious Emporer cannot now well be improved upon.

A matter-of-fact practical man writing the history of his times, complained of:

Libraries built as if in tombs and art constructing gigantic instruments such as hydraulic organs, lyres as big as carts, auloi and other theatrical instruments of unusual size.

As early as the wonderful thirteenth century the organ seems to have taken a solid place in cathedral life. The earlier organ builders were necessarily monks and they have left behind them quaint illustrations of the difficulties overcome. An old woodcut preserved in a Cambridge library (England) shows a medieval instrument with four men working valiantly at the levers and the players still vehemently demanding more wind. In the ninth century Winchester Cathedral in England had an organ with four hundred pipes, requiring two organists to play it. Those early organs had keys six inches wide and were played with clenched fists and elbows. An organist was known by the significant name of *Pulsator Organorum*—the striker of the organ. Many lusty men were necessary to keep the machines filled with wind. Something like the modern keyboard came into use about the fifteenth century. Among the items of expense charged to Ely Cathedral in 1407 were the following:

Four white horse hides for four parts of bellows, 7 shillings, 8 pence; carpenter eight days making the bellows, 2 shillings, 8 pence.

In 1399 Yorkshire paid 40s. 8d. for constructing two pairs of bellows; twenty years later, 12d. for furnishing ribs for same. Thirty-eight years later a new pair of bellows was required. Ten years afterwards they had two pairs added.

Germany seems to have been foremost in developing the modern organ and it hastened to use its creation by giving to the world the great composers without which the instrument would forever remain dumb or become a perplexing distraction. At the close of the sixteenth century an organ pipe at Ulm was reported as being large enough to contain three hundred and fifteen measures of wine. Seventy cow-hides were reported as necessary to repair the twenty-one bellows for the organ at Danzig, built with fifty-five stops in 1585.

The organ, like all other achievements of man, had to pay the price of growth, the usual penalty of development. Organ builders were accused as heretics and traitors. Ambrose objected to the introduction of wind instruments in churches because they had been used in pagan rites. He drew the line at stringed instruments. Pope Theodoric II banished such things from his palace. The Reformation broke out in a violent enmity to organs. Even Luther, the lover of music, the writer of hymns, the composer of tunes, who loved so well his flute and owed so much to it, restricted the church use of the organ to the mere accompaniment to German hymns and the *Te Deum*. Further than that he dreaded their Papistical influence.

In 1577 the Cathedral organ in Zurich was destroyed and Mr. Williams in his "Story of the Organ" says:

All sacred song was silenced for seventy years. In 1566 a Protestant mob broke into the great church at Antwerp with concealed weapons, shut the doors after them and when darkness came, after singing a Genevan Psalm they set to work to shatter the goodly organ, breaking the windows, mutilating pictures of the Madonna and beheading the effigies of saints.

In 1586 the Puritans appealed to the English Parliament to put down the Catholic Cathedrals because they abused the service of God:

By piping with organs, singing, ringing, trowling of psalms from one side of the church to the other, with the squeaking of chanting choristers disguised in white surplices.

The story of these "strikers" has a strange and almost humorous familiarity. A "mob" then as now is such a curious compound of earnestness and bigotry, of commendable fervor and deplorable passion, a mixture of high ideals and sordid bitterness.

But the organ had to encounter other dangers than those of bigotry. There came a time in its history when the case was more expensive than the pipes. More pride and care was given to the ornamentation than to the tonation. Love of display and rivalry called for gaudy gilt pipes, even providing many pipes that were dumb, and this hypocrisy still obtains. The worshippers in our would-be Christian churches often stare at a trellis of pipes which never speak. The organ of the Magdeburg Cathedral erected at the beginning of the seventeenth century had forty-two figures in the organ case, twelve of them moving figures. Among its embellishments there was a crowing cock. The cost of the case is said to have exceeded that of the instrument.

Another curious distortion comes from improper perspective in the story of the organ. History shows that there was provision made to support the organ *blower* before the wants of the organ *player* were seriously considered. The hurrying practical world is still guilty of thousands of similar distortions.

Organs have an individuality of their own. They cannot be studied in bundles or disposed of in job lots. The *Craftsman* some years ago told the story of the Brattle Street Church Organ in Boston. It is one of the organ stories of the world. The records say that "this was the first organ that ever pealed to the Glory of God in this country." It was imported in 1713 from London by Thomas Brattle of Boston, he who has left his name upon the historic Brattle Street. In his will he bequeathed this instrument to the Brattle Street Church, providing that "The parish should procure a sober person that could play skilfully thereon with a loud noise within a year." Failing this, the organ was to go to Kings Chapel. The Brattle Street Church did not find the "loud player" required, so after delays and embarrassments it was duly installed in Kings Chapel, where it did duty for forty years, after which it was sold to the St. Paul Church at Newburyport, where it served eighty years more. In 1836 it again gave way to a more pretentious instrument and became the property of St. Johns Chapel, Boston, where it continued to do service in the Sunday School until the early days of the twentieth century, when it was retired, literally on account of old age, having served over two hundred years. Thomas Brattle did well in importing the organ, but his highest hope for it was thwarted because he neglected to provide a soul without which the organ was dead. He did not secure perpetual youth to his organ by providing for it an organ player. This forces home again the inevitable lesson. The fascinating story of the modern organ, the mystic evolution of the pipes leaves

only a sickly sense of helplessness, of an inability to appreciate until we are introduced to the creative brains back of the deft fingers and the still more fortunate soul that interprets this vast aggregation of springs and wires, valves and keys.

The article in the *Craftsman* already alluded to says that the chief organ builders in America during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were Germans and Swedes. Then there follows a long list of names, including those of Appleton, McIntyre, Hook, Hastings, Roosevelt, Hutchins, Johnson, and we might prolong the list until we reach that of the Casavant Brothers of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. These Frenchmen began building organs in 1879. They were pioneers in the art of adapting electricity to pipe organ action. Seven years ago, in 1912, they opened a branch factory in South Haven, Mich. Many large instruments have been constructed in this plant, including the organs for St. James M. E. Church and Sinai Temple in Chicago, the Fisk organ of the Northwestern University at Evanston, and the latest and best, the builders claim, the Lamson Brothers Memorial Organ which we dedicate today.

This instrument may well be taken as the last word in organ building. It represents the latest devices and the completest combinations.

In the organ world bigness is the coarsest test. The mystic complexities, the subtle interdependencies probably justify the claim already made for it. It represents the most elaborate, clever, subtle, and spiritual of human devices. "Organ means something 'organized,'" a contrivance of the human mind.

The largest organ in Europe is said to be at Haarlem, Holland; next to that is the Salt Lake City instrument built by a Welsh Mormon forty-seven years ago, rebuilt a few years ago by the W. W. Kimball Company of Chicago. This wonderful instrument contains an aggregate of 5,000 pipes, 110 stops, five keyboards, and it takes a 10-horsepower engine to give it sufficient wind. The largest organ ever made is said to be the one built for the St. Louis Exposition, too big to last. Probably it has gone out of existence.

In our ignorance we reach out for "facts" and cling to figures. In my incapacity I can only help myself and perhaps you into an intelligent ignorance, into a partial spiritual appreciation of this sensitive extension of the human soul, this mysterious tangibility devised to give expression to the intangible realities of life.

I offer some of the figures furnished me through the courtesy of Mr. Stoot of the South Haven factory. He tells me that "this organ has 1,874 speaking pipes, varying in length from three-quarters of an inch, the size of a straw, to 16 feet long and 14 inches square. This complexity contains 450 electro magnets, each one having wound upon its poles approximately 200 feet of very fine wire. These make an aggregation of over 10 miles of wire. The 'cables' which connect the console to the pipes behind the railing above contain seventy-five insulated wires in each cable, and if these cables were taken out and laid end to end they would measure 33,000 feet or six and a quarter miles. In the keyboard or console there are 1,525 electrical contacts. Should any one of these fail to close its own circuit it would very quickly be noticed and commented upon by the organist. Every pipe has a valve which governs its speech, and before this valve can operate, three others must move in the following order: the key is depressed and closes a circuit through an electro-magnet; this magnet attracts an armature valve; the armature valve operates a 'primary' valve; the primary valve operates a 'secondary' valve, and secondary valve operates the valve which admits wind to the pipe. The response from the pipe is instantaneous from the keyboard and could be made to repeat many times in one second, but the cycle of operations in the valves referred to must take place 'on' and 'off' every time a key is depressed and released." The speed at which these valves operate is so well known to organ men that it ceases to become a source of wonder to them, but when the order of motion is written down as given by the expert, wonder and amazement stirs us through our ignorance.

What have we here then? A thing of ivory, ebony, pine, oak, maple, basswood, steel, zinc, copper, lead, brass, tin, leather, celluloid, felt, cotton, linen, glue, varnish, paper, paint and other raw materials, each one of which would furnish a stanza in a poem greater than Whitman could write.

Who, in this song of the organ, can follow the ivory into the African jungle, the ebony to tropic seas, the pine to the Oregon forests, oak, maple and basswood to the mountain regions of Tennessee, the copper to Lake Superior or Arizona, lead to Missouri, zinc and tin, leather or silk to their sources? Where is the farmer boy who played with the lambs, the father who fed innumerable sheep that gave up their lives to furnish the necessary sheepskin? Who compounded the bronze? Who can trace the cotton or linen to their sources, or tell us the mystery of glue, varnish and paint?

What then is the sermon of this organ?

First, it brings us nearer to the boundary lines of the invisible and the intangible than any other tangible contrivance of man. Music is the bridge, if there be one that spans the chasm between matter and spirit, that springs the arch across the roaring Niagara, between time and eternity. Music, the superlative expression of soul, meets the craftsman and he prolongs the melodies, increases the harmonies.

In "Abt Vogler" Robert Browning rises into as successful an interpretation as words perhaps are capable of, of this border land connection, the contact between things and ideals, between matter and spirit.

Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and now combine,
Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his praise!
And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the ancient minion he was,
Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:
For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire,
When a great illumination surprises a festal night—
Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to spire)
Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul was in sight.

But the organ gives us a second lesson. It is a mighty prophecy of that other organ yet to be perfected which we call society. It is an object lesson in sociology. Here, parts so diverse, notes so remote, are co-ordinated, combined and subordinated. Individual pipes hide themselves and die in the greater glory of the mass of which they are a part, every pipe lending itself to the melody it could not alone produce, but in which each individual pipe is an indispensable factor.

Who will tune for us the social organ! It also must be a thing of valves, electric contacts, a collection of things taken alone dead, but which when combined will lend themselves to the music that delights the heart of man. The organ is an achievement of social combinations and social co-ordinations. But much more important than all this splendid list of inanimate things are the animate, the fingers of the organist. Where is the organist who will dextrously move the keys of society, make the combinations of the social units so that in the life of the human soul we may realize that harmony which comes from the subordination of the individual to the higher and sweeter and only life of the whole?

Following this sermon I will try to discover some of the potencies that lie back of the organ makers, or of the organist's fingers. The great tone masters are forever and forever citizens of the world. They belong to the fraternity of man. There can be no "patriotism" or national lines in the presence of the organ. And so with grateful memories of the loyalty of the Lamson Brothers who have been with me, back of me and before me in all the long eventful years of my ministry in this church, in their name and in your presence, I dedicate this instrument to the fellowship of the spirit, to the brotherhood of man.

This organ will minister to beggar and prince; to penniless and to millionaire. It will speak no language of creed or dogma. It cannot fail to speak the universal language of the tone masters, it must be the language which they heard in the higher realms of nature, for it is well to remember in this dedicatory moment that neither Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, or Mendelssohn created a note; they but reported the harmonies of the universe, the laws of which are as inviolable as those of the multiplication table. They but interpreted what the Greek poets rightly called "the music of the spheres," for the laws of melody are based on the same foundations in which are rooted the laws of justice; and the laws of justice are as universal as the stars and are as discoverable as the flight of the birds.

Accept, O Father, this offering of willing hearts; dedicate our hearts to brotherhood, to service, to growth. May the open minds of the donors of this organ be embodied in the open gospel that it is the mission of this organ to interpret. May it sweeten our lives and be an inheritance to posterity, so that when the generous hearts who gave it are dust their hearts' loves will remain, and when the tongue that speaks this dedicatory word is silent, the message it would deliver, in so far as it is in harmony with the order of the universal, may be continued forever.

To the nurture of little children, to the sweetening of our homes, to the ennobling of our city, to the service of our country, to the brotherhood of man the round world over, Father we would dedicate this organ forever and forever. Amen!

The Braying Animals

A most interesting scientific operation is about to be performed on all army mules, to deprive them of their bray. That is well, for the bray and the kick of the mule are neither in the interests of efficiency nor harmony, the one may betray to the enemy what had better be kept hidden and the other, while it may relieve the feelings of the mule in time of stress, is disconcerting to those who must deliver the goods. As all the mules are not in the army or even on four legs we hope this scientific discovery will apply equally to those who bray and kick in the name of patriotism. There are the party newspapers with their exaggerated criticism of the administration of Secretary Baker, and there is one above all others who by his braying does more to comfort and encourage the enemy than all the four-legged mules in the army. We have waited in vain for the quiet, thoughtful men and women to publicly indorse the Peace Terms of President Wilson. Are they so misinformed as to think the President can speak for our nation? His words are no more binding than so many ribbons of sand unless the congress of the United States indorses them. Congress will act when the public demands action. Those who have memories that go back to the Philippine War will remember that neither the words of President McKinley, Admiral Dewey nor General McArthur bound our nation, and not till the present administration came into power did we set about keeping the word of our supposed leaders. It is a safe precedent to hold to, but just now we wish the words of our President did bind the nation to his terms of peace. Perhaps if there is less braying and kicking we may have more effective pulling together to make President Wilson's Peace terms the Peace terms of the United States Government. And have we not had almost enough of the ostentatious self-advertised "I am holier than thou" kind of loyalty and patriotism? War doesn't change the fact that the real thing needs no outward manifestation. By their fruits ye shall know them and even then, who is wise enough to say whether the quick growing annuals are of more value now than the perennials. The truck gardens are necessary and good for those who have not the land and investment to put in the perennial that will not give a crop for years, but what a yield it will be in time! It does seem that the truck gardeners are in danger of thinking they are the only real farmers planting seed for the world's need. S.

Love is a plant with double root,
And of strange, elastic power;
Men's minds are divided in naming the fruit,
But a kiss is only the flower.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

Visits are good things; they make people appreciate each other.

Red Pepper's Patients. —*Grace Richmond.*

Our wants are like weeds in a June garden; destroy one and two take its place.

A Cornfield Philosopher. —*E. W. Helms.*

In Hawaii

In the middle of the Pacific Ocean are the beautiful Hawaiian Islands. There the stately mango, the scarlet flowered poinciana, the big-leaved breadfruit, the tall cocoanut palm swing in the tropic breeze. There are charming drives between the lofty mountains and the coral-fringed sea. But to the lover of humanity all these sink into insignificance in comparison with the racial concord discovered in this land.

One morning recently I was in the first grade room of a public school in Honolulu. It was presided over by a Hawaiian teacher and there were 58 children in the room. In front of me stood little Russians, Americans, Filipinos, Koreans, Spaniards, Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Porto Ricans, beside many mixtures. It was a typical scene.

There is no race question in the Islands. An educated young Hawaiian declared to me, "There is no race prejudice and no exclusion on account of color." He said this applied to business and other relations.

On the street cars of Honolulu you find yourself surrounded by all sorts of men and women whilst being whisked through the pretty sun-lit and rain-cleansed streets of the city. Americans and the white nationals of other countries surround you. There are dark-skinned Hawaiians with their often fine and expressive features and lustrous eyes, whilst serious Portuguese, lively Porto Ricans and active little Filipinos are all in evidence. Negroes are occasionally seen. You elbow the Orient without visiting it. Dignified Chinese and Japanese are particularly observable. Most all members of these races wear the conventional western attire. The women, excepting some of the Oriental peoples, generally dress in white. If you want to see magnificent black pigtails graced with brilliant colored ribbons, sit in a Honolulu street car some afternoon when the school children are going home. Many of the adult Chinese women are garbed in their national blues and wear pantaloons of the regulation eastern style. The host of fetching Japanese costumes appeal to you. The dark-eyed women of the fascinating Land of Art display an infinite variety of patterns and colors in kimonas and other Nipponese accessories connected with dress. Their obies, as in Japan, are gay beyond description. The wonderful white stockings and gites constitute a form of footgear seen nowhere outside of the far East. All these people are polite and orderly in their association and converse together as if of common racial origin. The little Japanese ladies bob and smile gracefully when compelled to step in front of you.

In Honolulu the Oriental business quarter almost imperceptibly mingles with the American business section of the city. Japanese and Chinese signboards with their strange characters are interspersed with the English alphabet. The exquisite tints of the fabrics of Oriental civilization touch the more somber colors from the Occident. Japanese and Chinese counting houses are served by men who barter in different languages and who caculate with balls strung on wires. There is mutual patronage of establishments conducted by different breeds of men. The wholesale concerns present very similar characteristics. Some of the big Oriental houses do an annual business of from half a million to several millions of dollars per year. These rivals entertain a mutual respect for one another and pull together on behalf of Hawaii and Honolulu. The fact, so little understood by those who are insular or prejudiced in their feelings, that the broadest cosmopolitan principles of business are transmuted into success is finely illustrated in prosperous Honolulu. It pays to be polite and generous to competitors.

According to the 1916 report of the Governor of Hawaii the estimated population of the Territory, exclusive of United States military forces, was divided as follows: Japanese, 97,000; Hawaiians, 23,770; Portuguese, 23,755; Chinese, 21,954; Americans, British, Germans and Russians aggregated 16,942; Filipinos, 16,898; part-Hawaiians, 15,334; Porto Ricans, 5,187, etc.

In such a community society becomes somewhat blended. The Japanese marry little outside of their own people. Other races more or less inter-marry. There is mixed blood along with the purest racial strains in the higher social circles of Honolulu. Territorial and consular social functions are attended by representatives of all the races. In the intimacies of private life, as elsewhere, people largely weep within their own groups of friends, yet it is observable that such discrimination seems to be influenced by education and wealth quite as much as by the color of the skin or racial descent.

A leading college professor of Honolulu has said of the Islands, "The group may be looked upon as a great international laboratory." It teaches the priceless lesson that men and women can, under what we apprehend to be the most trying conditions, live close to one another in great harmony if they agree to do so. It has performed the splendid patriotic and political service of sending back to Japan and China thousands of ex-workers who have reported to their people at home that justice and good-will are possible under the flag of the United States. This is a mighty factor in the maintenance of the cordial relations so necessary to a continuance of the spiritual and material interests of the nations involved,—none more so than America.

The Christian workers of the Territory are alive to the possibility that the young people of these different races may not find a spiritual home after attaining maturity either with their parents or with America. Special work on their behalf is carried on successfully. *The Friend,* a publication of Honolulu founded in 1843, is now published in five languages. Church services in both American and foreign languages are reverently conducted in spacious oriental places of worship. The congregations of churches of oriental patronage are overwhelmingly made up of boys and girls under 20 years of age. Their Japanese and Chinese pastors are devoted and sincere men. They perform an admirable service to America by taking young men into their homes and instructing them in the principles of the Christian religion and the political ideals of their adopted country.

Some of my readers will naturally think that the varied population of Hawaii live in amity because of latter years the Islands have been strongly guarded by the army and navy of the United States. This fails to be a satisfactory explanation when we remember the historical fact that this concord has always existed and that in practical experience the heaviest armed soldiery does not suffice to create genuine racial unity. The assumption that the climate leads all these diverse

peoples into a complacent attitude toward one another also falls to the ground when we recall that the different breeds represented include not only the most sensitive nations of the earth but some of the emotional tropical peoples as well.

I have asked numerous men prominent in Hawaiian life what reason they could assign for the racial harmony that obtains in the Islands. The following may epitomise the views expressed. A leading Japanese pastor answered: "They (all races) have been treated well. Many of the leaders and employers in Hawaii are largely the descendants of missionaries and have treated their people in a Christian spirit, with frankness and with a spirit of good will—that is the great reason." Said a widely known Chinese minister: "We all live near together and understand one another. There is no discrimination between races either by local or United States government, or in schools, Y. M. C. A., churches, or in any other respect. The backing for the above is found in the liberal and Christian attitude of men in control of the country, who are largely the descendants of missionaries and who have maintained the Christ spirit in racial matters." A prominent white resident of Honolulu replied: "We treat them all like men—we don't slobber over them—but we treat them all alike, Americans, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, Porto Ricans, Filipinos, Hawaiians, all receive the same treatment in every respect. Their children all go to school together, sit by one another, play with each other, and no favoritism is shown to any politically or otherwise."

So then, the divine injunction to do unto others as we would have them do unto us is largely responsible for this extraordinary situation. All these people prove responsive to the fundamentals of justice and love.

The value of practicing the Golden Rule in dealing with other races is clearly indicated in Hawaii. The importance of maintaining its precepts is becoming increasingly recognized on the Pacific Coast. Japan has for years honorably restricted emigration to America. It is extremely difficult to get along with other people if your fear or suspect them. We are face to face with the Orient. If we are to do business with Japan and China, the innuendo so often in the past applied to Orientals without foundation in fact, must cease. Our people will pay a tremendous price if they permit a portion of their press or citizenship to indulge in international rudeness or folly. Satisfactory relations and the interests of religion alike depend on whether we treat the Far East in a spirit of courtesy and good will or no. Christian people all over America have a vast responsibility in this matter. The best development of America and the highest patriotism are bound up in it. Will the churches rise to the needs of the hour? Can we begin too soon?

WM. C. ALLEN.

San Jose, California.

June is no time to appoint a receiver for bankrupt marriages in a divorce court. It is the season to send for the priest and found your estates in hopes and start your dividend in happiness.

June Brides. —*Cora Harris.*

A Letter to a Militant-Pacifist

My Dear Friend:

Your letter gives me an opportunity to suggest to you some of the things you and all pro-war liberals can do to help America to stand the test of war. You say that you have "accepted the war." In a certain sense we have all done so: the trouble is that most people, in so doing, have automatically as it were, stopped any and all activity with respect to the many unnecessary phases of Prussianism that have come in its train.

You admit that the militarists of the country have many sins of commission to answer for. How about the sins of omission of some of you pro-war "pacifists"? First and foremost what are you doing to safeguard that fundamental constitutional right of free speech that our allies, England and France, have discovered to be so necessary? A recent letter from England says, "I should judge that you were passing through the era that we experienced during the first two years of the war,—and have now risen above it"; and you are familiar with Clemenceau's fine declaration on the occasion of his taking office, "Let us first have freedom of speech and then win the war."

What are you doing in the interests of the "conscientious objector," whom the President himself has declared to be, not the coward and slacker that a prostituted press has led the way to characterizing him, but an individual "of deep religious conviction or unusual independence of thought"? As I see it, a man who calls himself a Christian and does not stand behind such courage and idealism is a "slacker" in the truest sense of the word, for he has allowed himself to forget that America has a soul to be saved from the Prussianizing influence of the enemy.

What are you doing for internationalism and a clean peace? I will tell you. You are (most of you) so busy criticizing and damning the pacifists (whom in your heart of hearts you envy and fear) that you have not the time or you do not see your opportunity to stand behind and act with the president, thereby leaving to the newspapers that are his bitter though disguised enemies—the making of public opinion. You leave it all to the president, though as an exponent of democracy he would be the last person in the world to favor such a course.

Again, what are you doing to help safeguard labor at a time when it is the easiest thing in the world to give the color of patriotism to all manner of cruel and illegal designs against labor standards? You forget that it is the working man and woman who must "win the war" and there is ever present the possibility of having to sacrifice the democratic rights of labor at home to the cause of democracy abroad. I very much doubt if you see at all the coming titanic struggle between Capital and Labor that even a man like Charles Schwab visualizes, and for which he is advocating preparation, now.

What protest are you making against the whipping and jailing of your fellow ministers, against the hanging of innocent men everywhere, against the 248 lynchings of negroes that have occurred since we entered the war a little more than a year ago? What effect, think you, have such acts as these upon the soul of America? And what, the attitude of a press that suppresses, condones or applauds such activities?

The *New Republic* in a recent issue, says: "A misrepresentative press and a witch-burning fraction of our society still need careful watching by those who hold our national honor precious." Would you not say, and condemnation as well? Here is a field of "espionage" in which all loyal Americans can work without doing violence to their consciences or intellects. Failing this there is every danger that the self-sacrificing courage of our soldiers abroad may be more than offset by the cowardly violence of mobs at home.

To sum it all up (and I can speak thus frankly to you because though in the group you are not of it), most of you pro-war liberals present the paradoxically fallacious front of upholding a "bitter-end" fight to down a European Prussianism that you have made little or no effort to keep out from our own midst. You claim to be fighting to bring democracy to the world and when it came with a wonderful, almost unbelievable overturn in Russia (incidentally preventing the allied nations from the absurd position of being hitched up to the most despotic government in the world in that fine adventure of faith), you didn't or couldn't or wouldn't recognize it! And even after the president (wise statesman as he is) confounded the reactionaries by his appreciation and recognition of the Russian achievement the majority of you refuse to follow his lead. Do you think Mr. Wilson would approve of your shirking of responsibility in this and in other fields? If so, his emphasis upon democratic "objection, resistance, agitation, and revolutionary practices" has gone for naught.

The president has repeatedly asked for suggestions. How many of you have come out in straightforward advocacy of at least as democratic a policy for financing the war as that adopted under pressure from her liberals, by England?

The pacifists who would lead in these most necessary, enlightened, and truly loyal activities are discredited; you pro-war people, who could lead, have seemingly, neither the energy, nor the courage, nor the vision so to do. Was not our common friend ———— right in saying that history may one day write a damning verdict on the failure of American liberalism as a determining force in this hour of our country's greatest peril and greatest promise?

Are you concerned simply with winning the war or are you concerned with winning a peace that shall fulfill your vision and my vision of the end of wars, and the coming of the Internation with all its adjuncts of a clean peace,—no annexations, no punitive indemnities, and the self-determinism of all nations? If yours be the larger aim it is high time for you, one and all, to think, to be, and to act with the liberality that (up to now) the majority of your group have merely professed.

We entered the war with the most honorable objects in the world,—to overthrow brute force and to vindicate right among all the nations. It is for the liberal and radical elements among us to keep ever before the citizens of our republic this splendid objective.

You will take my plain speaking, I know, in the spirit that it is meant, and will believe me to be now, as always, in all sincerity, your friend,

B. W.

"The Pacifist at War"

This is the title of an article by Henry Rutgers Marshall in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May. The article is brief and clear. In it are given the reasons why a man who has called himself a Pacifist and who still calls himself a Pacifist, has come to favor making war.

The reasons given doubtless commend themselves to certain persons (to Mr. Marshall for instance) as entirely adequate. Their acceptance or rejection is a matter of personal judgment. But any critical mind is tempted to ask, "Why does Mr. Marshall call himself a Pacifist?" Although he does not define the word Pacifist he seems to imply that it is a person who desires permanent peace and believes it to be attainable. Such a definition would include an exceedingly large group of people including perhaps the Kaiser himself. The definition says nothing of method. The latter might consist in the subjugation of all alien nationalities, of non-resistance or of throwing stones into a pond, so long as the end in view is peace ultimately attained and permanent.

We question the desirability of calling such persons Pacifists. The practice, we fear, will lead to confusion of thought, if it has already not done so.

As a matter of fact there is a second class of persons who also call themselves "Pacifists," and it would be unfortunate to confuse such persons with the class to which Mr. Marshall belongs. The former believe that war is not an efficient method of bringing about permanent peace. The definition includes in this case not only ends but methods.

Mr. Marshall's article does not touch this sort of person at all. But another argument may. It is this. Unless the pacifist of the second class be a dogmatist, he will admit that the psychological method would not be efficacious in ridding the world of wild beasts. Here violence alone is effective. Very well then, it only remains to prove that our enemies belong to the category of wild beasts.

Of course this argument has been advanced by others, sometimes received and sometimes rejected. But as we are interested not so much in advancing or refuting arguments as in removing the stumbling blocks to lucid thinking, we shall not pursue this subject further. In conclusion we reiterate that the rigid definition of terms is a necessary step in the pursuit of truth and the greater the number of people who use the terms the more likely are differences in their implications to arise.

Madison, Wis. PERCY M. DAWSON.

THE ROSE OF DAY.

The day is opening like a rose,
  Petal on petal backward curled,
Till all its beauty burns and glows,
  And all its fragrance is unfurled.

The day is dying like a rose,
  Soft leaf on leaf dropped from the sky
To gulfs of beauty where repose
  The souls of exquisite things that die.

—*Ella Higginson.*

A Brief Account of the Jordan Family

The hamlet of Jordan lies in Dartmoor in Devon in the parish of Widecombe-in-the-Moor, on the road from Princeton to Exeter, half way between Princeton and Ashburton. It is a barren country covered with the bright Cornish heather, crossed by a swift trout brook on which there is a most ancient stone mill. Beside this mill there are three large stone manor houses. This property was recently sold for $50,000.

Back in the times of the last Crusade the hamlet was known as Deandon. It was the property of Sir William de Deandon. Deandon went to the Holy Land, got into a fight with the Turks by the side of the River Jordan, did some extraordinary feats of strength, being knocked down two or three times and yet driving away his assailants. So they nick-named him William de Jordan, and when he got back to England he had his name changed by the government and the name of his village went with it. From this arose the two coats of arms of his descendants, the one a football rampant with the inscription "Percussa resurgo" (Stricken down I rise again), and the other a cross with the inscription "Crux dat salutem."

The farm was lost by the failure of some members of the family to claim his rights, but Jordans have lived at Teignmouth and Exeter, ever since. One William Jordan was Chief Butler of the Duke of Argyle and to Lord Kitchener. One Henry Jordan went from Teignmouth to Australia where he became Chief Inspector of the schools of Queensland. From Brisbane his son and daughter, Edward Jordan and May Jordan McConnel came to Stanford and graduated.

One of the branches went early to Ireland. From this are descended William G. Jordan, an author in New York, and Frederick G. Jordan at Cement, Washington. The branch is described by Mrs. Wiggins in her book, "Penelope in Ireland." An Irishman once told me "Jordan is a great name in the old country." Another branch went to Virginia. From this branch are descended many Jordans, notably Judge J. H. Jordan and Judge Clement Jordan of Indiana.

Another branch, whose history is more thoroughly recorded, went to Central Maine. From this are descended Whitman H. Jordan, the distinguished agriculturist of Geneva, New York, L. A. Jordan and W. A. Jordan.

Another branch sprang from one Rufus Jordan who came from Massachusetts. His descendants were scattered over Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and, in the later generations, the West. Dr. Harvey E. Jordan of the University of Virginia, late of Pennsylvania, is one of these, as also L. A. Jordan of the University of Michigan. Another of these is Professor Mary A. Jordan of Smith College. David Starr Jordan's own father was Hiram Jordan of Gainesville, New York, born at Morish on Lake Champlain, son of Rufus Jordan born in Litchfield, Connecticut, son of John Jordon born at Litchfield, son of Elijah Jordan, a clergyman in Connecticut who was probably the son or grandson of Rufus.

In the English records there are a number of prominent Jordans, one of them Mayor of Exeter. A very interesting account, written in the days of Queen Elizabeth describing Ashburton on the Moor, is the work of an ancestor of David Starr Jordan's, Robert Prideaux. This ancestor is on Dr. Jordan's mother's side, coming down through the Grenville, Courtenay, Drake connections.

* * *

ARETHUSA.

When strolling through the pines one day,
By ferny brink,
I found a slipper small and gay—
A lady's slipper, by the way—
Of softest pink.

I reasoned—surely it was right
To reason so—
That some poor fairy in her flight
Had lost it there, through haste or fright,
In mosses low.

So, following the path she fled
To limpid pool,
I found a pitcher veined with red
And over it a sunshade spread
To keep it cool.

I found her pitcher and her shoe
And sunshade bright;
And so she must be near, I knew—
The pitcher still was filled with dew
And stood upright.

And searching with an eager air,
Whom did I see
But Arethusa, slim and fair,
In rose and ermine decked with care,
As nymphs should be.

So if some day your eyes should fall,
In mossy glade,
Upon a shoe, or pitcher small
Protected by a parasol,
Look for the maid.

St. Nicholas. —*Adelina F. Dyer.*

AFTER THE CHANGE.

Ma and dad, they stand it,
But I'm feelin' bad
'Cause we ain't got nothin'
Like we used to had!

Sure, we got an auto—
Guess it ain't so slow.
But our old horse, Billy—
Ought to see *him* go!

Gee! He'd fly so swiftly
With you on his back
You'd think you was racin'
On a railway track!

This place where we moved at,
Sis, she says is swell;
Pipes the water comes in—
We ain't got no well!

Dinky *shed* my dad made
For our car to stay;
Used to have a big red barn
Filled plumb full of hay.

Ain't no brooks here neither,
Ain't no swimmin's-holes,
Ain't no fields or brush or trees,
Just "electric poles."

Ma says I look peaked—
I can't help it. Gee!
Life ain't nothin' noways
Like it used to be.

—*Faye N. Merriman.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

AN EXPLANATION.

We are in receipt of the following letter from the Llano Colony, Leesville, La., which is advertising in this magazine:

"To make sure that there is no misunderstanding of our advertisement, we have thought best to make this supplementary statement.

"The declaration that the Llano colony was established by 1,000 Socialists should not be interpreted to mean that there are 1,000 Socialists actually living in the colony. Many more than 1,000 are members and contributing in the form of regular payments for stock to the support of the colony, but not all of these have moved here yet. Some have not been able to dispose of their property outside and spend part of their time here and part of their time attending to outside interests. Others have not come, at all, but have joined and will move here as soon as they can arrange to.

"The number of those actually living in the colony at any one time has probably not exceeded four or five hundred. But as time goes on and the outside members are able to close up their business connections and other affairs outside, all of the members will eventually be able to locate here permanently.

"This statement is made to be perfectly fair with all who may read our advertisements. A misunderstanding of the number of actual residents of the colony would have no bearing on the success of the colony itself, but we do not want prospective members to misunderstand any detail.

"The development of agriculture, growth of bumper crops and serving of meals at unusually low prices have already attracted much attention and only a week ago a local federal official commended the excellent work the colony is accomplishing in these respects.

"LLANO PUBLICATIONS."

THE MAKING OF SPRING.

Upon a day in April
  There came a sudden hush—
The silence of the forest,
  Expectant of a thrush.

Hardly an aspen quivered,
  Until a breeze and rill
Were startled by the rumor
  Of daisies on the hill.

Sudden—a gust of passion
  Developed in the air,
As tho the Little People
  Were thronging everywhere.

And lo! the spell that deepened
  On larch and pine and fir,
Was broken. In the maple
  The sap began to stir.

Softly the doors of silence
  Were opened; and set free
Were voices full of wilding,
  Prophetic mystery.

Had some world been discovered?
  Or had Pan misbehaved?
Or was it but a nation
  That needed to be saved?

The thrush came with a question,
  Adventurous to find
Some remnants of the wonder
  That God had left behind.

City Pastorals. —*William Griffith.*

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